SOME NEW BOOKS.

Mme. D'Arblay's Diary and Letters.

The Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arblay were originally published in seven volumes about fifty years ago. Almost all the interesting parts of the work have been selected by Mr. W. C. WARD and are now brought together in three small volumes issued by Frederick Warne & Co. Regarded as a series of pictures of society of the time, the diary is remarkable for truthful delineation, and its historical importance is increased by the fact that the figures in the foreground are those of the most distinguished men of the day, such, for instance, as Johnson and Burke, Reynolds and Sheridan, Windham and Warren Hastings. The selections begin with the publication of "Evelina" in January, 1778, when the author was in her 26th year, and they end in 1840, the year of her death. The editor has thrown light on the text by many foot notes and has printed Macaulay's well-known essay at the beginning of the first volume.

Frances Burney was born at Lynn in June, 1752. Her father, Charles Burney, was a teacher of music and a writer upon musical subjects, whose professional merit gained for him the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford. Fanny Burney was considered a dunce by her brothers and sisters, and it is certain that at 8 years old she did not know her letters. No governess or teacher of any kind was provided for her, but ultimately one of her sisters taught her how to write, and before she was 14 she began to find pleasure in reading. It does not seem, however, to have been by reading that her intellect was formed. Even when her best novels were produced her knowledge of literature was very small. An education, however, which suited her mind better than the academical process went on during her passage from childhood to womanhood. Her peculiar circumstances enabled her to study the book of human nature. Her father's social position was one which brought her in contact with many sections of the community. In fortune and station he belonged to the middle class, yet his daughters were suffered to mix freely with people in a humbler position. We are told, for instance, that they were in the habit of playing with the children of a wigmaker. On the other hand, few nobles could assemble in their mansions a more various and brilliant society than was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's house. His mind was restlessly active, and he had contrived to lay up much miscellaneous information. His attainments, the suavity of his temper, and the simplicity of his manner had obtained for him admission to the first literary circles. Dr. Johnson condescended to growl out that Burney was an honest fellow, a man whom it was impossible not to like. Garrick, too, was a frequent visitor. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Colman, Twining, Harris, Hawkesworth, and many other artists and men of letters were to be met with at the tea table and supper tray in the dwelling of Fanny Burney's father.

This was not all. The distinction which Dr. Burney had acquired as a musician and as a historian attracted to his house the most eminent musical performers of that day. The greatest Italian singers who visited England were eager to obtain his commendation and were glad to sing at his house. On such occasions the quiet street in which he lived was blocked up by coroneted chariots, and his little drawing room was crowded with peers, peeresses, ministers, and ambassadors. Such were the opportunities of observation open to Fanny Burney, and that she made an unsuspected use of them her first novel was to show. We say unsuspected because she was shy almost to awkwardness, and did not often join in the conversation. The slightest remark from a stranger disconcerted her, and even the old friends of her father who tried to draw her out could seldom extract more than a monosyllable. Her figure was small, her face not distinguished by beauty. She was therefore suffered to withdraw quietly into the background and unobserved herself to observe all that passed. Under her demure and bashful deportment, however, were concealed a fertile invention and a keen sense of the ridiculous. Every marked peculiarity instantly caught her notice and remained engraven on her imagination. Thus, while still a girl, she had accumulated a great store of materials for fiction, and so strong was the impression made upon her mind by what she was in the habit of seeing and hearing, that she began to write little fictitious narratives as soon as she could use her pen with ease. After a time, however, she relinquished this pursuit, in compliance with the injunctions of her stepmother, and made a bonfire of her manuscripts. But the personages of the tales still haunted her imagination, and, eventually, the impulse which urged her to write became irresistible. The result was the "History of Evelina." With the publication of this novel in January, 1778, the diary from which we shall quote some passages begins.

I.

"Evelina" was published anonymously and for some time the secret of its authorship was well kept. The novel had a sudden and extraordinary success, and was generally pronounced the best work of fiction that had appeared since the death of Smollett. Dr. Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honor to Richardson. Having heard what the arbiter of letters had said, Miss Burney makes the following entry in her diary: "Dr. Johnson's approval!—it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise—it gave me such a flight of spirits that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp without any preparation, music, or explanation, to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness without affording him the smallest assistance. Susan also writes me word that when my father went last to Streatham Dr. Johnson was not there, but Mrs. Thrale recounted that when he gave her the first volume of 'Evelina,' which she had lent him, he said, 'Why, madam, why, what a charming book you lent me,' and eagerly inquired for the rest. I think I should love Dr. Johnson for such lenity to a poor, mere worm in literature, even if I were not myself the identical grub he has obliged."

By and by Miss Burney's secret was communicated to Mrs. Thrale, by whom, of course, it was given to the world. We find in the diary an account of the author's first visit to the house whither literary lions of all sizes were accustomed to resort, and of her introduction to Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Thrale took the bashful young woman into the library, and, after talking a little while upon common topics, mentioned "Evelina." "Yesterday at supper," said she, "we talked it all over and discussed all your characters, but Dr. Johnson's favorite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn; and he acted him all the evening, saying he was 'all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. Oh, you can't imagine how much pleased he is with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue' he told me." Miss Burney goes on to tell us that when they were summoned to dinner Mrs. Thrale made the young novelist and her father sit on either side of her. "I said that I hoped that I did not take Dr. Johnson's place;" for he had not yet appeared. "No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure." Soon after the company were seated the great man entered. Miss Burney's first impressions were as follows: "I have so true a veneration for him that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes all together." Subsequently we learn that Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him. "Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it." "No, madam, no," cried he, "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day." "Miss Burney," says Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it, for I assure you he is not often unsuccessful." "What's that you say madam?" cried he. "Are you making mischief between me and the young lady already?" A little while afterward he drank Miss Burney's health, and then added: "'Tis a terrible thing if we cannot wish young ladies well without wishing them to become old women." "But some people," said another of the guests, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old." "No, sir, no," cried the Doctor, laughing, "that never yet was; you might as well say that they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph, however, to that purpose." Miss Burney could not recall the proper name, but with that exception the epitaph ran thus:

> "So and so lies buried here:
> So early wise, so lasting fair,
> That none, unless her years you told,
> Thought her a child, or thought her old."

II.

Soon afterward Miss Burney went again to Mrs. Thrale's house at Streatham to stay several days. Here she saw a good deal more of Dr. Johnson. At breakfast one morning Mrs. Thrale told him that she intended taking Miss Burney to a reception. "So you ought, madam," cried he; "it is your business to be cicerone to her." Then suddenly he snatched Miss Burney's hand, and kissing it, "Ah!" he added, "they will little think what a Tartar you carry to them." "No, that they won't," cries Mrs. Thrale. "Miss Burney looks so meek and so quiet, nobody would suspect what a comical girl she is; but I believe she has a great deal of malice at heart." "Oh, she is a toad," cried the Doctor, laughing, "a sly young rogue! with her Smiths and her Branghtons!" "Why, Dr. Johnson," said Mrs. Thrale, "I hope you are very well this morning! If one may judge by your spirits and good humor, the fever you threatened us with is gone off." "Why, no, madam, no," answered he, "I am not yet well. I could not sleep at all; there I lay, restless and uneasy, and thinking all the time of Miss Burney. Perhaps I have offended her, thought I; perhaps she is angry. I have seen her but once, and I talked to her about a rasher of bacon. I have been endeavoring to find some excuse," continued he, "and as I could not sleep, I got up and looked for some authority for the word, and I find, madam, it is used by Dryden. In one of his prologues he says, 'And snatch a homely rasher from the coals.' So you must not mind me, madam. I say strange things when I mean no harm." A few minutes after he put his hand on the young novelist's arm and shaking his head, exclaimed, "Oh, you are a sly little rogue! What a Holborn beau have you drawn!" "Ay, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "the Holborn beau is Dr. Johnson's favorite; and we have all your characters by heart, from Mr. Smith up to Lady Louisa." "Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith is the man!" cried he, laughing violently; "Harry Fielding never drew so good a character! Such a fine varnish of low politeness—such a struggle to appear a gentleman! Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere—in any book, or by any author." Miss Burney here records that "I almost poked myself under the table. Never did I feel so delicious a confusion since I was born."

Going to the library after breakfast, Mrs. Thrale and her young visitor had a nice confab about various books. She gave Miss Burney a long and entertaining account of Dr. Goldsmith, but speaking of the character of Croaker in the "Good-natured Man," said that it was borrowed from a paper in the "Rambler." Dr. Johnson came in and they told him what they were talking about. "Ah! madam," cried he, "Goldsmith was not scrupulous, but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his internal resources." "Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "is in love with his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and so am I. Don't you like it, sir?" "No, madam, it is very faulty; there is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance." He then seated himself upon a sofa, and calling to me, said, "Come, Evelina, come and sit by me." The young lady obeyed, and he took her almost in his arms—that is, one of his arms, for one would go three times at least around her—and, half laughing, half serious, he charged her to "be a good girl!" "But, my dear," continued he with a very droll look, "what makes you so fond of the Scotch? I don't like you for that. I hate these Scotch, and so must you. I wish Branghton had sent the dog to jail! That Scotch dog, Macartney!" "Why, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "don't you remember he said he would, but that he should get nothing by it?" "Why, aye, true," cried the Doctor, seesawing very solemnly, "that indeed is some palliation for his forbearance. But I must not have you so fond of the Scotch, my little Burney; make your hero what you will but a Scotchman. Besides, you use Scotch—you say 'the one;' my dear, that's not English. Never use that phrase again." Then he proceeded in a dry manner to make some sarcastic reflections on the Scotch. It will be remembered that in her "Anecdotes" Mrs. Thrale tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the Doctor's return from the Hebrides he was asked by a Scotch gentleman in London "what he thought of his country?" "That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr. Johnson. "Well, sir," replied the other somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly he did," answered Johnson again, "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen: and—comparisons, sir, are odious—but God made hell."

III.

It was during the same visit that Dr. Johnson gave Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney an account of certain celebrated ladies of his acquaintance. It is characteristic of the manners of the time that Johnson, who was one of the most moral men in the world, and one of the greatest sticklers for propriety, should have ventured to discuss such persons in the presence of respectable women. The conversation began by Mrs. Thrale apologizing to him for troubling him with some question she thought trifling. The ladies had been talking of colors and of the fantastic names given to them, and why the palest lilac should be called a *soupir étouffé*; and when Dr. Johnson came in she applied to him. "Why, madam," said he, "it is called a stifled sigh because it is checked in its progress and is only half a color." Miss Burney expressed amazement at his universal readiness, and Mrs. Thrale said to him: "Sir, Miss Burney wonders at your patience with such stuff, but I tell her you are used to me, for I believe I torment you with more foolish questions than anybody else dares do." "No, madam," said he, "you don't torment me; you tease me, indeed, sometimes." "Ay, so I do, Dr. Johnson, and I wonder you bear with my nonsense." "No, madam, you never talk nonsense; you have as much sense, and more wit, than any woman I know." "Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, blushing, "it is my turn to go under the table this morning, Miss Burney." "And yet," continued the Doctor, with a comical look, "I have known all the wits from Mrs. Montagu down to Bet Flint." "Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "pray, who is she?" "Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot." "And for heaven's sake, how came you to know her?" "Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too. Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse. So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half a crown, and she liked it as well. Bet had a fine spirit; she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her. Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpsichord, but Bet could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes and drumned." Then the Doctor gave an account of another of these geniuses who called herself by some fine name. "She had not quite the same stock of virtue," said he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint; but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony that, while Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance." "And pray," asked Mrs. Thrale, "what became of Bet, sir?" "Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up; but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so, when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan chair and bade her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not." "And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?" "Yes, madam; when she came to her trial the Judge acquitted her. 'So, now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint." Then the Doctor gave an account of another lady, who called herself Laurinda, and also wrote verses and stole furniture; but he had not the same affection for her, he said, though she too "was a lady who had high notions of honor." Then followed the history of another who called herself Hortensia, and who walked up and down in the park repeating a book of Virgil. But the Doctor explained that, though he knew her story, he had never had the good fortune to see her. After this, he proceeded to discourse on the famous Mrs. Pinkethman. "She," he said, "told me she owed all her misfortunes to her wit; for she was so unhappy as to marry a man who thought himself also a wit, though I believe she gave him not implicit credit for it, but it occasioned much contradiction and ill will." "Bless me, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "how can all these vagabonds contrive to get at you, of all people?" "Oh the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I can't but be glad to see them."

IV.

As Johnson was the leading man of letters, so the "great Mrs. Montagu" was the leading literary lady of the time. This lady, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Robinson, married Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich. Her husband's death had left her in the possession of a handsome fortune. Her writings Dr. Johnson was in the habit of depreciating perhaps more than they deserved, but of her conversational abilities he entertained a high opinion. "Sir," he would say, "that lady exerts more mind in conversation than any person I ever met with." It was probably to the fame of her conversation and of the *bas bleu* parties which assembled at her house that she owed the greater part of her reputation. She was the acknowledged Queen of the Blue Stocking, although the epithet originated with a rival giver of literary parties, Mrs. Vesey, who, replying to the apology of a gentleman who declined an invitation to one of her meetings on the plea of want of dress, exclaimed: "Pho, pho! don't mind dress! Come in your blue stockings!" Once, when Miss Burney and Dr. Johnson were staying at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale informed them that the great Mrs. Montagu would dine there the next day. Thereupon Dr. Johnson began to see-saw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun, and, after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly and with great animation turned toward the young novelist and cried: "Down with her, Burney! down with her! Spare her not! Attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits; and then everybody loved to hallo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered. But, then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul. So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her." The first meeting with the celebrated blue stocking is thus described. It should be noted that Mrs. Montagu was not as yet aware that "Evelina" had been written by Miss Burney. "She (Mrs. Montagu) is middle-sized, very thin, and looks infirm; she has a sensible and penetrating countenance and the air and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished and of great parts. Dr. Johnson, who agrees in this, told us that a Mrs. Harvey of his acquaintance says she can remember Mrs. Montagu trying for this same air and manner. Mr. Crisp has said the same; however, nobody can now impartially see her and not confess that she has extremely well succeeded. * * * As soon as Mrs. Montagu heard my name, she inquired very civilly after my father. I am sure he is very high in her favor, because she did me the honor of addressing herself to me three or four times. But my ease and tranquillity were soon disturbed, for she had not been in the room more than ten minutes ere turning to Mrs. Thrale, she said: "Oh, ma'am, but your 'Evelina'—I have not yet got it—I sent for it, but the bookseller had it not. However, I will certainly have it." "Ay, ay, I hope so," answered Mrs. Thrale, "And I hope you will like it, too; for 'tis a book to be liked." Miss Burney now began a vehement nose-blowing for the purpose of shielding her face with her handkerchief. "I hope, though," said Mrs. Montagu, dryly, "it is not in verse. I can read anything in prose, but I have a great dread of a long story in verse." "No, ma'am, no," returned Mrs. Thrale; "it is all in prose, I assure you. 'Tis a novel, and an exceeding—but it does nothing good to be praised too much, so I will say nothing more about it, only this, that Mr. Burke sat up all night to read it." "Indeed? Well, I propose to myself great pleasure from it, and I am gratified by hearing that it is written by a woman." "And Sir Joshua Reynolds," continued Mrs. Thrale, "has been offering fifty pounds to know the author." "Well, I will have to read it on my journey. I am going to Berkshire, and it shall be my travelling book." "No, ma'am, if you please, you shall have it now. Queeny, do look for it for Mrs. Montagu, and let it be put in her carriage and go to town with her." Miss Thrale rose to look for the book, and, involuntarily, Miss Burney rose, too, intending to walk off, for her situation was inexpressibly awkward; but then she recollected that if she went away it might seem like giving Mrs. Thrale leave and opportunity to tell her tale, and therefore she stopped at a distant window, where she busied herself in contemplating the poultry. "And Dr. Johnson," added the kind puffer, "says Fielding never wrote so well—never wrote equal to this book; he said it is a better picture of life and manners than is to be found anywhere in Fielding." "Indeed!" cried Mrs. Montagu, surprised, "that I did not expect, for I have been informed that it is the work of a young lady, and therefore, though I expected a very pretty book, I supposed it to be a work of mere imagination, and the name I thought attractive; but life and manners I never dreamt of finding." "Well, ma'am, what I tell you is literally true, and for my part I am never better pleased than when good girls write clever books, and that this is clever—— But all this time we are killing Miss Burney, who wrote the book herself." The effect of this abrupt disclosure is described in the diary: "What a clap of thunder was this! The last thing in the world I should have expected before my face! I know not what bewitched Mrs. Thrale, but this was carrying the jest further than ever. All *retenu* being now at an end, I fairly and abruptly took to my heels and ran out of the room with the utmost trepidation amidst astonished exclamations from Mrs. Montagu and her companion, Miss Gregory."

V.

Incredible as it may seem, when we consider the extraordinary success of the novel, Miss Burney's publisher gave her only twenty pounds for the copyright of "Evelina." As her next venture she was advised to bring out a play, and the advice was seconded by Sheridan, who was then the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre. She wrote a comedy, but having submitted it to the judgment of a candid friend, who had the firmness to tell her that it was a failure, she suppressed it. In 1782, however, she published her second novel, "Cecilia." Public expectation had been raised so high with reference to this story that, it is said, no romance of Walter Scott was more impatiently awaited, or more eagerly snatched from the counters of the booksellers. Yet even for this production, issued when her fame was at its height, she received no more than two hundred and fifty pounds. There seems to be no foundation for Macaulay's estimate of two thousand pounds as the sum derived by the author from this novel. Since writing "Evelina" Miss Burney had taken the "Rambler" for a model, and in "Cecilia" there are many traces of an imitation of Johnson's manner. There were ill-natured people who whispered that Johnson had assisted his young friend, but this was merely the fabrication of envy. Miss Burney's characteristic excellencies were far beyond Johnson's reach. Macaulay, indeed, suggested that the Doctor might have revised "Cecilia" and retouched the style of many passages, but this conjecture is disposed of by Johnson's explicit declaration that he never saw one word of the novel before it was printed.

It was after the publication of this story that Miss Burney first saw Edmund Burke, whom Macaulay has called the greatest Englishman since Milton. Miss Burney thus describes him: "He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various, and eloquent; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful. Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting. I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner; all, therefore, that is related from him loses half its effect in not being related by him." It was at an assembly given by a Miss Monckton that she next met Mr. Burke. He was very near-sighted and sat down in a vacant place by her side without knowing it. She tells us in the diary that she could not wait, but turned toward him and bowed: "He seemed quite amazed, and really made me ashamed, however delighted, by the expressive civility and distinction with which he instantly arose to return my bow and stood the whole time he was making his compliments upon seeing me, and calling himself the blindest of men for not finding me out sooner. Mrs. Burke, who was seated near me, said loud enough for me to hear her: 'See! see! What a flirtation Mr. Burke is beginning with Miss Burney! And before my face, too.' These ceremonies over, he sat down by me and began a conversation which you, my dearest Susy, would be glad to hear for my sake, word for word; but which I really could not listen to with sufficient ease, from shame at his warm eulogiums, to remember with any accuracy." The general substance, however, she was able to recollect and it ran as follows: After many eloquent compliments upon the book, too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear, Burke very emphatically congratulated her upon its universal success, said "he was now too late to speak of it, since he could only echo the voice of the whole nation," and added with a laugh, "I had hoped to have made some merit of my enthusiasm, but the moment I went about to hear what others say I found myself merely one in a multitude." Burke then told the author of "Cecilia" that notwithstanding his admiration he was the man who had dared to find some faults with so favorite and fashionable a work. She entreated him to tell her what they were, and assured him nothing would make her so happy as to correct them under his direction. He then enumerated them, but as scarcely any one now reads the novel it is not worth while to reproduce his criticisms. Passing from his comments on the structure and management of the story, Burke looked archly at Miss Burney, then gazed around him and said: "Are you sitting here for characters? Nothing, by the way, struck me more in reading your book than the admirable skill with which your ingenious characters make themselves known by their own words."

VI.

It was three years after the publication of "Cecilia" that Miss Burney made the mistake of her life by accepting the appointment to be one of the keepers of the Queen's robes in the royal household. The exultation with which Fanny's friends greeted the offer of this post says little for their common sense. Even Burke, who ought to have known better, fell in with the general infatuation, although he at least must have felt that the honor was not all on Fanny's side. It was, in plain language, a menial office which Fanny shared with a Mrs. Schwellenberg, whom Macaulay has fitly described as an old hag. The most popular writer of prose fiction then alive, whose talents had captivated the most distinguished men of the time, was thenceforth condemned to spend her days in mixing snuff and sticking pins, summoned by a waiting woman's bell to a waiting woman's duties. For five years she was compelled to pass her life under the restraint of a paltry etiquette, obliged sometimes to fast when she was ready to swoon with hunger, and sometimes to stand till her knees gave way with fatigue, afraid to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. For five years she gave up her bodily and mental freedom, and the recompense of her sacrifice was her board, her lodging, the attendance of a man servant, and two hundred pounds a year. The large part of the diary which treats of her life in the royal household is melancholy reading. The reader revolts at the attitude of deference in which she continually had to stand toward the King, who was silly when he was not crazy, and toward the Queen, whose mind was at once narrow and shallow. The wretched monotony and intellectual stagnation of her life at court, the drudgery and the actual privations to which she was subjected, well-nigh wrecked Miss Burney's health, and all who saw her pale face, emaciated figure, and feeble walk predicted that her sufferings would soon be over. When weak, feverish, and hardly able to stand she had still to rise before 7 in order to dress "the sweet Queen," and to sit up till midnight in order to undress "the sweet Queen." It was, it seems, the established doctrine of the court that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence and to be reproved.

"This," Miss Burney too charitably wrote, "is by no means from hardness of heart; far otherwise. There is no hardness of heart in any one of them; but it is prejudice and want of personal experience." At last, when the medical men spoke out and plainly said that Miss Burney must give up her exhausting functions or die, she was permitted to resign, though even then this step was taken much against the will of her father, whose veneration for royalty amounted to idolatry. Dr. Burney seems to have expected an appointment in the line of his profession which was in the gift of the court, but he was disappointed, and all that his daughter received in return for the misery which she had undergone and for the health which she had sacrificed was an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable at the Queen's pleasure.

After leaving Windsor Miss Burney went to stay at a place in Surrey for the benefit of her health. In the neighborhood was a colony of French emigrés, in whom she became deeply interested. Among them were Mme. De Stael, M. De Talleyrand, M. De Narbonne, and the latter's friend, Gen. D'Arblay. The latter was a handsome and amiable man, with some taste for literature. Of him Miss Burney took French lessons, and, presently falling in love with him, she married him, although all that the two had to live upon was her own precarious annuity of £100. Feeling that it devolved on her to provide for the family, she wrote and published in 1796 her third novel, "Camilla." Although this story never attained the popularity of its two predecessors, it brought the author a much larger pecuniary return. It was published by subscription at a guinea the set, and within six weeks after its publication her father told Lord Orford that about £2,000 had already been realized. We should here mention that during the period of Fanny's slavery at court she wrote a tragedy called "Edwy and Elgiva," which was produced by Sheridan at Drury Lane Theatre in March, 1795. Although the leading parts were played by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, it proved a failure, was withdrawn from the stage, and has never been published. It was not until 1814, when Mme. D'Arblay was 62 years old, that she published her fourth and last novel, "The Wanderer." The editor of the selections before us is one of the few persons of our own day who have read this story. He does not by any means agree with Macaulay, who declared that no judicious friend to the author's memory would attempt to draw this book from the oblivion into which it had fallen. Mr. Ward asserts, on the contrary, that "The Wanderer" is inferior to neither "Evelina" nor "Cecilia" in the exhibition of human passions and idiosyncrasies. He thinks that the characters live as none but the greatest novelists have known how to make them, and that in Juliet the author has depicted one of her most fascinating heroines. It only remains to say that in 1832 Mme. D'Arblay published the memoirs of her father, but did not permit her own "Diary and Letters" to see the light until after her death, which took place in 1840 in her 88th year.

M. W. H.

Farragut.

Capt. A. T. MAHAN, the well-known author of "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," has written for the "Great Commander" series, a short life of *David Farragut* (Appletons). It is satisfactory to note that this particular volume of the series has been intrusted to one who is not only professionally qualified to discuss the subject, but is competent to set forth facts and conclusions in an attractive literary form. It is obvious that as a rule biographies of military and naval celebrities which are intended for the general reader should not be undertaken by soldiers or sailors, for the reason that they are usually destitute of literary training. But we are glad, as we have said, that the rule has been departed from in this instance, for Capt. Mahan's sketch of Farragut is an admirable piece of biographical writing.

I.

There are several curious things about David Glasgow Farragut. One is that on his father's side he was of unmixed Spanish descent. His father, George Farragut, was born in the island of Minorca, and it was in 1770, while that island was in the hands of Great Britain, that he emigrated to North America and settled in eastern Tennessee. Here he married, and here, on July 5, 1801, his second son, the future Admiral, was born. Soon afterward George Farragut moved with his family to Louisiana, and here, in 1808, occurred an incident which brought into close relations two families conspicuous in the annals of the navy. While the elder Farragut was fishing one day on Lake Ponchartrain he fell in with a boat in which was an old man prostrated by the heat of the sun. He took the sufferer to his own house, where he was cared for and nursed till he died. The man thus cared for was David Porter, the father of the Capt. David Porter who afterward commanded the frigate Essex in her celebrated cruise in the Pacific during the years 1813-14, and grandfather of the still more distinguished Admiral, David D. Porter, who, more than half a century later, served with David Farragut on the Mississippi in the civil war. Captain or, as he then was, Commander Porter, was deeply grateful for the kindness shown to his father by Farragut, and proposed to adopt one of his children. The offer was promptly accepted by young David Farragut, dazzled by the Commander's uniform and by that of his own elder brother, William, who a short time before had received a midshipman's warrant. The boy returned to New Orleans with his new protector, and a few months later was placed at school, first in Washington and afterward in Chester, Pa. He received a midshipman's warrant when he was nine and a half years old, and in August, 1811, he joined at Norfolk the frigate Essex, which Commander Porter had been ordered to commission. He accompanied Porter throughout his long and adventurous cruise, and it is noteworthy that, though only a boy of twelve, he was selected to command the party of seamen detailed to manage the Barclay, an American ship recaptured by the Essex. Young Farragut was three months short of being 13 years old when the Essex was surrendered off Valparaiso, after fighting two hours and a half against an immense preponderance of force represented by the British ships Phœbe and Cherub. During the action he was constantly under the Captain's eye, and conducted himself so gallantly as to call forth particular mention in the despatches. After the capture an amusing incident occurred on board the Phœbe. The boy Farragut was roused from a state of profound dejection by seeing a pet pig belonging to the Essex in the custody of one of the Phœbe's midshipmen. He at once set up a claim to the porker as being private property, and, the claim being resisted, demanded that the doubtful question should be decided by trial of battle. A ring being formed around the two midshipmen, Farragut, after a short contest, succeeded in thrashing his opponent and regaining the pig and with it a certain amount of complacency in that one Briton at least had felt the pangs of defeat.

In 1820 Farragut passed the examination required of all midshipmen before they can be raised to the rank of Lieutenant, and two years after obtained orders to the Greyhound, one of the small vessels composing the mosquito fleet fitting out under Commodore David Porter, against the pirates of the Caribbean Sea. The service which he underwent in this fleet was one of great exposure and privation. "I never," he wrote afterward, "owned a bed during my two and a half years in the West Indies." The cruise was, however, effectual, both directly and indirectly, as regards the suppression of piracy. After the termination of his service in the mosquito fleet, and up to the beginning of the civil war, the story of Farragut's life for the most part is only the routine record of a naval officer in times of peace. When the Mexican war broke out, Commander Farragut was executive officer of the receiving ship at Norfolk, the Pennsylvania. He wrote to the Navy Department asking for service in the Gulf, but although the Secretary of the Navy at the time was Mr. Bancroft, the letter received no reply, and a second, sent soon afterward, was barely acknowledged. It was not until February, 1847, nearly a year after the war began, and then with much difficulty, that he obtained command of the sloop-of-war Saratoga; but when he reached Vera Cruz the castle had already passed into the hands of the United States, having surrendered to the land forces under Gen. Scott.

That this capture should have been made by the army rather than by the navy was a severe disappointment to Farragut. Capt. Mahan tells us that in his mortification he gave utterance to a conviction which, in the light of his own subsequent career, seems a prophecy. "The navy," he said, "would stand on a different footing to-day if our ships had made the attack. It was all we could do and should have been done at all hazards. Commodore Connor thought differently, however, and the old officers at home backed up his opinion; but they will all pay the penalty—not one of them will carry an Admiral's flag, as they might have done if that castle had been taken by the navy, which must have been the result of an attack." The frustration of his professional hopes was not the only misfortune which Farragut encountered during the Mexican war. He contracted the yellow fever on the station, nearly losing his life; and afterward became involved in a controversy with the Commodore of the squadron, who, as he believed, had in the assignment of duty treated him and his ship with unfair discrimination, due to personal ill-will toward himself. Smarting under the sense of injustice, he wrote to the Navy Department, complaining of his treatment, and asking that either he himself should be relieved, or that the ship should be sent home. He has candidly admitted that his letters were considered improper by the Secretary of the Navy, but the Saratoga was ordered to return to the United States, and the Commander was reassigned to duty in his former position at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

II.

Farragut's brilliant achievements during the civil war in the passage of the Mississippi forts, of the Vicksburg battles, and of Port Hudson, and in the batteries of Mobile Bay, are too familiar to need recapitulation, and therefore we pass at once to a chapter in which Capt. Mahan reviews his career and character and attempts to fix his place among successful naval commanders. It is worthy of remark that, like the great English Admiral Blake, Farragut was already advanced in years when his great sea fights were won. He was nearly 61 years old at the time of passing the Mississippi forts, and his command of the Western Gulf Squadron lasted not quite three years, or rather less than the ordinary duration of a naval cruise in time of peace. Yet, although without the opportunity which came to him so late, Farragut might have died comparatively unknown, he was already recognized among his professional comrades and contemporaries as no ordinary man, no merely routine naval officer who kept his watch and passed through life as easily as he could. Aside from the opportunities for action which finally arrived, the secret of Farragut's success is to be found in natural aptitudes carefully and persistently improved. The habit of study and of stretching in every direction his interest in professional matters stood him, when the test came, in good stead, for he had unconsciously prepared himself for destinies that could not be foreseen. The custom of reading had made him familiar with geography and the history of his profession, and Capt. Mahan seems to concur with those authorities who doubt whether a formulated art of naval war can be said to exist except in that which embodies the existence of great captains.

Referring to the disposition to attribute Farragut's successes, like those of Nelson, simply to dash—to going straight at the enemy regardless of method and consequences—Capt. Mahan points out that as a matter of fact Nelson carefully planned the chief outlines of the operations, in the execution of which he manifested superlative daring and firmness. In like manner Farragut in actual battle showed the careful adaptation of means to ends which had a just claim to be considered tactical science; but his great merit is declared to be the strategical insight with which he recognized the decisive point of a campaign, or of a particular operation, and threw upon it the force under his direction. The author of this biography is inclined to attribute the difference between the two commanders, mainly to the different circumstances in which they found themselves. Nelson acted chiefly against ships, against forces of a type essentially the same as his own, and accessible in all parts to his attack, because pertaining to the same element; he might therefore hope to overcome them by the superior quality of his crews, or by his better tactical dispositions. Farragut, on the other hand, had to cope with fortifications whose military powers, offensive and defensive, were essentially different from those of a fleet. Their endurance so greatly exceeded that of a ship as to exclude any hope of direct attack, and their advantages of position, deliberately chosen and difficult of approach, could not be outweighed by any tactical arrangement open to him to adopt. He was therefore compelled to seek their fall by indirect means—by turning and isolating them and by acting against their communications—a conception not tactical, but strategic. In Capt. Mahan's judgment Nelson and Farragut were alike in this respect, that vigor, even to desperateness of action, both on occasions showed, but recklessness never. Neither fought as one would beat the air; and, while for neither can be claimed an entire exemption from mistakes, the main outlines of their operations can safely challenge hostile criticism. We are reminded that one of the greatest of naval commanders, Earl St. Vincent, pronounced the true test of a man's courage to be his power to bear responsibility. Farragut's willingness to accept responsibility in order to accomplish necessary ends was, while he was yet only captain of a single ship, the subject of admiring comment among his subordinates. "I have," he wrote, "as much pleasure in running into port in a gale of wind as ever a boy had in a feat of skill." The same characteristic was signally exhibited under the weight of far greater issues, in his determination to pass the Mississippi River forts in spite of remonstrances from his most able lieutenant and cautious suggestions from other commanding officers, and with only ambiguous instructions of the Navy Department to justify his action. The same moral force showed itself in combination with the most rapid decision when his ship was nearly thrown on shore under the batteries of Port Hudson, and yet more in the highest degree at the supreme moment of his life when, headed off from the path he had himself laid down, he led his fleet across the torpedo line in Mobile Bay. To the same quality is attributed the resolution to take his ships above Port Hudson without orders at the critical period of the campaign of 1863. Capt. Mahan deems it a matter of regret that the merit of that determination has not been adequately appreciated. For the power to take swiftly and irrevocably such momentous decisions Farragut was indebted to nature. He indeed justified them and his general course of action by good and sufficient reasons, but the reasons carried conviction to him because they struck a responsive chord in his breast.

III.

In person Admiral Farragut was not above the medium size; he was about five feet six and a half inches tall, upright in carriage, well proportioned, alert and graceful in his movements. In early and middle life he was slight rather than heavy in frame, and it was not until the civil war imposed upon him the physical inactivity incident to the river and blockade service that he took on flesh. Up to that time his weight was not over 150 pounds. He was very expert in all physical exercises, and retained his activity to the verge of old age. The agility with which he clambered up the rigging of the flagship when entering Mobile Bay, and again over the side to observe the extent of the injury inflicted by the collision with the Lackawanna, prove that up to the age of 63 he was capable of showing the bodily vigor of a young man.

The features of the Admiral are accurately depicted in the frontispiece of this volume. We are told that as a young man he had the sallow, swarthy complexion usually associated with his Spanish blood. His hair at the same period was dark brown, becoming in middle life almost black. In his later years he was partially bald. The contour of the face was oval, the nose aquiline, the eyes were hazel, the lips small and compressed, and the cheek bones rather prominent, until the cheeks filled out as he became fleshier during the war. At no time could he have been called handsome, but his face always possessed the attractiveness bestowed by animation of expression and by the capacity to reflect vividly his emotions of the moment. To conceal his feelings, indeed, was to him always difficult, and when he was deeply moved, impossible. We should add that his eyes were weak from youth but he to some extent remedied the disability by employing men to read to him in the different ships on board of which he served. To the day of his death he always had some book on hand. Having an excellent memory he thus accumulated a great deal of information besides that derived from observation and intercourse with the world. He loved an argument, and, though good tempered in discussion, was tenacious of his own conviction when he thought the facts bore out his way of interpreting their significance. When told by a phrenologist that he had an unusual amount of self-esteem, he replied, "It is true I have; I have full confidence in myself and in my judgment"—a trait which Capt. Mahan is no doubt justified in considering of supreme importance to a man in high command. Against the defects of this quality Farragut was guarded by the openness of mind which results from the effort to improve one's self and to keep abreast of the times.

A COLUMBUS OPERA.

The New Grand Opera of Franchetti.

ROME, Oct. 20.—The Columbian festival at Genoa (where probably Columbus was not born, unless he changed his mind suddenly after being born at Cogoletto or at Savona) has not lacked its "sacred bard." Alberto Franchetti, the "latest star of Italian song," and the rising young rival of Mascagni, has written and the directors of the festival have done their best to produce with all due pomp and circumstance at the "Carlo Felice" a grand musical composition in honor of the great navigator. It can hardly be called with strict propriety an opera, at least in the old meaning of that word, for it has no overture and no prelude, and it would hardly be just to call it a melodrama, because that word has been so far twisted by use from its original meaning that, to the American mind at least, it must suggest always broadswords and the Bowery, sawdust and red ruin! Yet "Cristoforo Colombo" of Franchetti really is a melodrama, in that it is a musical recital, with decorations and divagations more or less dramatic of certain stages in the development of a great epic event, the discovery of America.

It is saying little for Franchetti to say that he has treated this event with the resources of the art of music much more worthily and successfully than the same event has been treated in the Exposition at Genoa, with the resources of the art of painting by another Italian aspirant for fame, over whose name I amiably draw the curtain of silence. Of this pictorial effort it may suffice to tell you that when the King and Queen of Italy visited Genoa, at the time of the great naval review, and went to the picture gallery of the Exposition, they were observed to stand in silence for a few moments before an extensive canvas, labelled "La Scoperta di America," or the "Discovery of America." Then the sovereigns looked one upon another, the King raised his eyebrows a little, the Queen dropped her eyes, and their Majesties passed on. The proper English title of the picture would be, "The Uncovering of America." It represented Christopher Columbus in the guise of a picturesque Italian noble of the fifteenth century, whisking off from the shoulders of a dusky damsel a long drapery not absolutely unlike an Oriental table cloth, and so revealing her to the astonished eyes of a delighted universe in "beauty unadorned."

Franchetti has not gone into realism or symbolism, whichever you please, with such straightforward and primitive simplicity. How well his name, if known at all, may be known to your readers I know not, but he some time ago made a good mark on the mind of the Italian musical public by his "Asrael," in which, as well as in "Cristoforo Colombo," he shows that the great masters who have most influenced his genius are Beethoven and Berlioz. This, so far as it goes, is in his favor, as showing a disposition to strike out from the comparatively recent religion of Wagner. In the judgment of most competent critics this new work, although laboring under the disadvantages necessarily incident to artistic productions of any kind which are turned out to order, and made to fit some great occasion, shows genuine musical feeling of a very high order, a thorough and remarkable knowledge of music, great vigor and certainty in attaining his effects, and a glow throughout of youthful feeling and emotion, everywhere sustained by singularly practised musical skill.

The first act of the piece opens in the cloisters of the Convent of San Stefano in Salamanca, where the Iago of the piece, Roldano, a malignant enemy of Columbus, appears surrounded by cavaliers, exciting a turbulent crowd outside against the project of the Italian. At that moment the council are supposed to be discussing in the oratory of the convent with Queen Isabella what action they shall take about the scheme, which Roldano amiably denounces as the "epic of a madman." Here a fine effect is produced by a cortége of prelates, to whom enter, through another portal, three strange personages, who prove to be pilgrim friars, singing a mystic legend in which the triumph of Columbus is prophesied. The mob are deeply impressed by this, to the great disgust of Roldano, who responds with a strange and threatening song of his own, portending the shipwreck of the expedition and the failure of Columbus. Thereupon the fickle populace swing back to their first estate, and when Roldano, asking the cortége of prelates what had been the decision of the council, is informed that the council had decided the project to be the "dream of a lunatic," the people break out into a chorus of derision and of scorn. While the stage rings with their hostile shouts Columbus appears. For a moment it seems as if the Genoese would be lynched, but a good angel advances in the person of Guevera, Captain of the Queen's Guard, who believes in Columbus, awes the crowd into silence, and receives the thanks of the insulted navigator. Here comes in a good musical tirade of the Genoese, expressing confidence in his eventual triumph, and to this again a soft musical response is made by the voice of Queen Isabella, heard praying in her oratory, whereupon Columbus falls upon his knees overcome with emotion. Naturally then the Queen comes out of her oratory and a duo ensues between the Queen and the Genoese, which by its beauty and expressiveness carried the house away. Queen Isabella, at the close of this duo, takes off her diadem and hands it to Columbus, wherewith to equip his vessel. Columbus falls upon his knees and kisses the hem of the royal garment. Upon this the curtain fell amid protracted applause, and Franchetti was called four times in succession before the curtain. I need hardly tell you that this in Italy and in Genoa meant a great deal, for enthusiasm is not a characteristic trait of the Ligurians. The second act, I have already told you, opens with a scene on the ocean. Musically this whole second act is a grand symphonic piece, winding up with a crescendo which again brought down the house and brought out Franchetti, Mancinelli, and the chorus master, notwithstanding sundry obvious failures in the working of the stage machinery. The cries with which "Land" is hailed in this second act, as the day is breaking, really electrified the audience, already very much excited by the vigorous and brilliant treatment of the mutiny in midocean, on board the Santa Maria, the ship of Columbus. This mutiny, subdued for a moment by the grand attitude of the Admiral, is to break out afresh when the cry of "Land," already mentioned, is heard coming over the water from the Pinta in the distance, and is emphasized by the roar of a cannon. Historical accuracy is vindicated at this point by Columbus, who, with a hymn of gratitude, held aloft, not the banner of modern Spain, but the green standard of Castile.

In the third act we are in America, at Xaragua, by the sacred lake where an Indian, the husband of the Queen of the country Anacoana, is found slain by the Spaniards. As it would be idle to think of an opera or a melodrama without an episode of love, Anacoana is a person invented by the librettist, Signor Luigi Illica, to meet this great necessity. Like Stephania, the widow of Crescentius in Mr. William Story's remarkable tragedy of that name, who seeks revenge for her murdered husband by feigning love for his murderer, Otho, whom, having fascinated, she slays, Anacoana goes to work to bewitch the Spaniard Roldano, the enemy of Columbus, who for the purposes of this melodrama, becomes a member of an expedition to the newly discovered America. Guevera also reappears on the stage in this act as the lover of an Indian Princess Janika, the daughter of Anacoana. There is a revolt of Indian caciques against the Spanish, and Anacoana has a great deal of double dealing to do, which she does very well, between the caciques, who distrust her on account of her intimacy with Roldano, and Roldano, whom she is luring to her doom. In the most complicated opera familiar to the opera-going world, you will hardly find anything more hopelessly and superbly complicated than the intrigues and bedevilments which arise out of this situation! Of course, all operatic complications demand the intervention of a characteristic ballet, and a most characteristic ballet of Indian girls give zest and animation to the [illegible] air of Anacoana on her discovery, at the beginning of this act, of the remains of her murdered husband. The ballet was a great hit, for Italy, you know, is the land of the ballet. Signora Novelli in this act brought down the house by a song admirably sung in the character of the Indian Queen. A remarkable septette at the close of this act was vigorously applauded and had to be repeated. In the fourth act the piece gave way a little, notwithstanding a very effective song of defiance sung by Anacoana, when the abominable Roldano, the Indian rebels being overcome, advances to surrender her to the vengeance of the Spanish General Bobadilla, after having with his own hands put the chains upon the wrists of Columbus, whom Bobadilla is about to send back a captive to Spain. The noble-hearted Guevera in this act tries to save his beloved Princess, the daughter of Anacoana, from the fate of her mother, when all the Indian rebels are burned up together in a grand conflagration, but the filial piety of the Princess puts back the [illegible] of her lover, and she flings herself into the blazing flames of the temple to perish with her people. Of course, the piece cannot end with this, so an epilogue takes us to Medina del Campo, where Guevera and Columbus appear in the crypt of the cathedral among the tombs of the Kings of Castile. Columbus is in despair, and Guevera leaves him to go and find Queen Isabella. Guevera having gone, a funeral chant of [illegible] is heard from the cathedral above, and [illegible] village damsels enter, bearing wreaths of flowers. Of them Columbus asks for whom they bring these floral tributes, and staggers back overwhelmed when they tell him [illegible] mourn the pious Queen who [illegible] in the sepulchre. Isabella [illegible]. With this Columbus goes mad, and [illegible] back the broken-hearted [illegible] in a duet full of tragic pathos, falls [illegible] at the foot of the tomb of Isabella, dragging down with him as he falls the royal mantle, the sceptre, and the crown laid upon the sepulchre of his benefactress.